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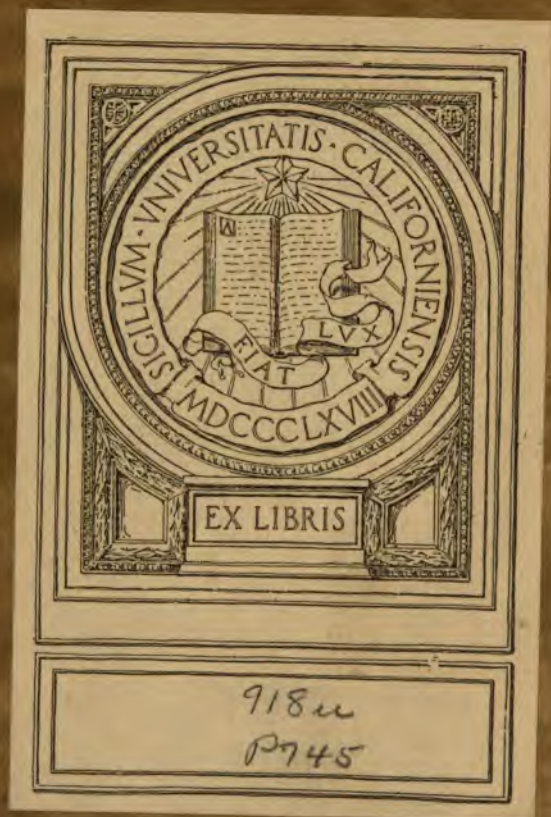
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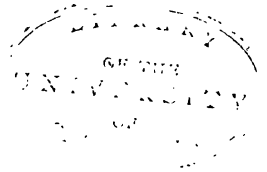


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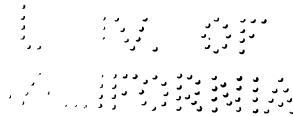
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*A List of*  
**EIGHTY-SEVEN POETS**

*Representing American Verse*  
*from*  
*1900 to 1919*



*"If nevertheless God have called any of you to explore  
Truth and Beauty, be bold, be firm, be true."*



Syracuse Reprint of the Library Lists  
of the  
POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

9184  
P745

TO VINU  
ANACOLIAO

*Published by*  
*The Syracuse Public Library*  
*Syracuse New York*  
*July, 1919*  
*Price. 20 cents*

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## The Service of Poetry

*In these stirring and tremendous times the American public library has many opportunities for service. Among these one of the highest is that of introducing to their fellow-men those artists who through the printed word interpret human life, and hold aloft the torch of the ideal.*

*To be chosen, therefore, as the official agency for advertising the wares of such American poets as have earned the approval of the Poetry Society of America is both an honor and a peculiarly happy opportunity for continuing our work as promoters of good reading.*

THE STAFF OF THE SYRACUSE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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## What the Syracuse Reprint Is

Toward the close of 1913 the Poetry Society of America, through a committee selected from its officers and members, made a list of such books of American contemporary poetry as could in their opinion be recommended for purchase by libraries both public and private and for reading and study by all who desired to keep in touch with poetic movements in this country. The list of that year was printed in the columns of the Library Journal for February, 1914. This first of our Library Lists was extended to cover more or less perfectly the years from 1900 to 1913. Librarians were at that time noting the awakened interest in our own native poetry, and there was a call for the publication of like Lists in the years that followed. The Library Journal continuing its hospitality, the Lists hereafter were made every December and were given to the public in the February following. After a while the Syracuse Public Library, through the interest of its chief librarian, Paul M. Paine, reprinted those Lists in its Bulletin and through these reprints the Lists have reached a still wider usefulness. The List that follows here is a restated and somewhat condensed arrangement of all these Lists, thus including volumes from 1900 to 1919. It has been carefully arranged, the titles and publishers are named, a note of appreciation and a short quotation are given with each author. In this form it is hoped that the Syracuse Reprint will meet a wide need among people who feel the necessity to know the poetry of today and among those who do not but would if they realized how much more there is of it and how vital a thing it is at the present moment.

It should be understood by all users of this List that the Committee distinctly disclaim definitive judgments upon the ultimate value of the books chosen. They simply present to poetry lovers and to all who believe expression in poetry (as well as in the other arts) to be essential to our national development, a guide to present-day trends in poetry—a means of finding out what is happening in our own poetic realm. One would say that the people who wish to be fairly well read in our national literature should know at least these among the many hundreds of volumes of native poetry that might be annually urged upon them. The effort has been made to include books that show finished artistry, fresh impulses, some real contribution of new born thought, some fresh inspiration illuminating old thought, or some bold and noble dash that comes from the depths of a soul intensely native and innately chaste. To be sure omissions of valued books sometimes occur. Not all books of poetry are published by well-known publishers. Out-of-the-way printers often get hold of a gem of purest ray serene. Hence the Committee are glad to receive suggestions from any source as to privately-printed or other books of verse that might otherwise escape their attention. Address the Chairman of the Committee, Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, 16 Morningside Avenue, New York City.

The Committee on Library Lists in the Poetry Society of America will continue its annual reports on current poetry and present these in the February number of the Library Journal (241 West 37th Street, New York City). Some slight changes will be made after this year. Heretofore poetry written in dramatic form has not been listed. After this, the poetic drama will be taken up by a special section of the Committee and will be listed in a group by itself.

The Lists from which the present Syracuse Reprint has been made show a number of marked characteristics. In technique it must be admitted that very few of our poets show that Greek composure and calm and self-restraint that are the desire of the world in art. We are a tumultuous and voluminous people and our poetry shows it. The social spirit puts its mark on our poetry. We chastise ourselves and we repent tremendously. It must be that we improve and future critics, perhaps, will find this out. Our list is remarkable for the large number of professional people therein—teachers and men of active life. The university, it seems, in America does not debar an instructor from poetic hours. The large number of arrived and promising women poets will also be noted. To these technique is vividly precious, while they also contribute something that would have been forever unsaid had they remained forever silent. The poets of this country have responded to the mighty call of the World War; the experienced poets have found new inspiration and the young poets have been forced to eager expression almost before their time. There is a sweep of idealism, of spirituality through the poetic realm; religious faith is being expressed in new modes; patriotism is exalted; world brotherhood and internationalism are to the fore; the new democracy is shining into the eyes of the young poets, and they are helping to make the world over.

Among the things these Lists do not to any great extent show are these. First, a group of poets of the "vernacular" variety, singing the songs of the plains and the canyons, the dug-out and the ranch. Neihardt has discovered the pioneer life as material for narrative verse, and Knibbs (like Service, the Canadian) touches the cowboy and miner. The omission of most of the poets of this group is because they so seldom reach the height of true art. But vast possibilities lie awaiting our poets' efforts in this field. Another omission concerns the so-called Free Verse or Imagist group. The Poetry Society makes no bars against any group or kind as such; but as yet the Committee have found but little among the Free Versists, Imagists and Semi-prose writers that, in their opinion, shows that rare and delicate fragrance, that Greek finality, that all-conquering charm, that enlivening of the spirit, that are essential to real poetry. But poetry is poetry, whatever form it takes, and therefore they preserve a catholic attitude and wait. Meantime all sorts are represented by certain volumes in the List. If, ten years later, we should be so fortunate as to make another Syracuse Reprint, we should certainly have within its scope some vast enlightenments as to our social complex, some noble enlargement of spirit, and an amazing influx of imagery freshly minted in the new life of the Republic. We should find also contributions from hundreds of newcomers who have adopted our nation for their own, giving of their treasures of thought and imagery; and we should have mastered a sensitive, melodious, and DeBussy-like technique, undissipated by the artistic tumult that sometimes seems to threaten our sacred standards but which when it passes will surely leave enrichment in its wake.

M. F. C.



# EIGHTY-SEVEN POETS

**Babcock, Edwina Stanton**  
**Greek Wayfarers.....Putnam**  
**The Flying Parliament.....White**

In her first volume, themes of present-day Greece; in her second, today and the War. One of the younger poets and very promising.

## THE LITTLE SHADE.

No longer that grey visage fix,  
 Charon,  
 Asking me how I come to mix  
 With this pale boat-load on the Styx,  
 Charon.

I am so very small a Shade,  
 Charon,  
 Holding the vase my father made  
 And toys of silver all inlaid,  
 Charon.

Ferry me to the golden trees,  
 Charon,  
 To isles of childish play and ease  
 And baths of dove-like Pleiades,  
 Charon.

Ferry me to the azure lands,  
 Charon,  
 Where some dead mother understands  
 The lifting of my baby hands,  
 Charon.

—In *Greek Wayfarers*, by Edwina S. Babcock, courtesy of G. B. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

**Bailey, Liberty Hyde**  
**Wind and Weather.....Scribner**

From the study of an encyclopedic man comes fluttering a sheaf of delicate poems characterized by cosmic vision, and a form gracefully free.

## From ANCHORAGE.

I know I stand upon my shore,  
 I know I look through open door,  
 I know that spaces stretch before.

Unto my solid earth I cling,  
 And grip myself to ev'rything  
 That to my conquest I can bring.

I must be of the Fact aware,  
 Then let my vision outward fare  
 Nor fear whatever may be there,—

As wide and free as windows are  
 That open to the spaces far  
 Beyond the glint of any star.

Much joy it is that we may be  
 Some part of plan so wonderfully  
 And dream the dreams of mystery.

**Barker, Elsa**  
**The Frozen Grail.....Duffield**

Spiritual aspects mean much to this poet; in measures stately and controlled she reveals her soul's exaltations.

## WHEN I AM DEAD AND SISTER TO THE DUST.

When I am dead and sister to the dust;  
 When no more avidly I drink the wine  
 Of human love; when the pale Proserpine  
 Has covered me with poppies, and cold rust  
 Has cut my lyre-strings, and the sun has thrust  
 Me underground to nourish the world-vine,—  
 Men shall discover these old songs of mine,  
 And say: This woman lived—as poets must!

This woman lived and wore life as a sword  
 To conquer wisdom; this dead woman read  
 In the sealed Book of Love and underscored  
 The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,  
 And faring out for regions unexplored,  
 Went singing down the River of the Dead.

**Bates, Katherine Lee**  
**America, the Beautiful.....Crowell**  
**The Retinue and Other Poems.....Dutton**

Through a scholarly medium the warmly beating and patriotic heart of a strong woman expresses itself. The stanza is taken from a poem that bids fair to become a national hymn.

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
 For amber waves of grain,  
 For purple mountain majesties  
 Above the fruited plain!  
 America! America!  
 God shed His grace on thee  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood  
 From sea to shining sea!  
 —First stanza of *America the Beautiful*.

**Benét, William Rose**  
**Falconer of God and**  
**Other Poems.....Yale Univ.**  
**Great White Wall.....Yale Univ.**  
**Merchants from Cathay.....Century**

A poet who writes with distinction, frequently in ballad form, and with great variety in rhyme and in rhythm.

## From THE YOUNG BROTHER.

Lord Christ, who strode blithely on land or sea  
 With meekness and mettle through Galilee,  
 Glad for the rain and the wind and the sun,  
 For the songs of birds and bright day begun,  
 Sanction the prayer of thy youngest one!  
 —In *Merchants from Cathay*.

**Braley, Berton**  
**Songs of the Workaday World.....Doran**

The laborer finds a voice in the poems of Berton Braley, his straightness and his gameness, his pathos and humor.

## From THE THINKER.

Might of the roaring boiler,  
 Force of the engine's thrust,  
 Strength of the sweating toiler,  
 Greatly in these we trust.  
 But back of them stands the Schemer,  
 The Thinker who drives things through;  
 Back of the Job—the Dreamer  
 Who's making the Dream come true!

**Branch, Anna Hempstead**  
**The Heart of the Road.....Houghton**  
**The Shoes that Danced.....Houghton**  
**The Rose of the Wind.....Houghton**

"Of titanic imagination and chryselephantine speech; she might have been Milton's daughter," said Edwin Markham. Another has called her, because of her keen social feeling, "the Jane Addams of poetry".

## From NIMROD.

I rode on Revolutions and I leaped  
 From mammoth time to mammoth time I clung  
 To gorgeous wheels of cycles and was whirled forth  
 From them into mid air. I sat astride  
 Event and guided it. Over vast plains  
 I drove his chariots of change.  
 —In *The Rose of the Wind*.

**Burnet, Dana**  
**Poems** .....Harpers  
 A poet of youth and with the Vision ahead.

**WHO DREAMS SHALL LIVE.**

Who dreams shall live! And if we do not dream  
 Then we shall build no Temple into Time,  
 Yon dust cloud, whirling slow against the sun,  
 Was yesterday's cathedral, stirred to gold  
 By heedless footsteps of a passing world.  
 The faiths of stone and steel are failed of proof;  
 The King who made religion of a Sword  
 Passes, and is forgotten in a day.  
 The crown he wore rots as a lily's root,  
 The rose unfurls her banner o'er his dust.  
 (Copyright by Harper & Bros.)

**Burr, Amelia Josephine**  
**Life and Living**.....Doran  
**The Silver Trumpet**.....Doran

A soul that surges with the great issues of life, the struggles that make history. The verse shows great command of technical resources, but technique is not emphasized.

**PERSHING AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE.**

They knew they were fighting our war. As the months grew to years  
 Their men and their women had watched through their blood and their tears  
 For a sign that we knew, we who could not have come to be free  
 Without France, long ago. And at last from the threatening sea  
 The stars of our strength on the eyes of their weariness rose  
 And he stood among them, the sorrow-strong hero we chose  
 To carry our flag to the tomb of that Frenchman whose name  
 A man of our country could once more pronounce without shame.  
 What crown of rich words would he set for all time on this day?  
 The past and the future were listening what he would say—  
 Only this, from the white-flaming heart of a passion austere,  
 Only this—ah, but France understood! "Lafayette, we are here."  
 —In *The Silver Trumpet*.

**Burton, Richard**  
**Dumb in June**.....Lothrop  
**Lyrics of Brotherhood**.....Lothrop  
**Message and Melody**.....Lothrop  
**Poems of Earth's Meaning**.....Holt

A writer of kindly verse that observes all of the literary conventions of thought and diction, with new and then a very poignant line, as in

**THE HUMAN TOUCH.**

High thoughts and noble in all lands  
 Help me, my soul is fed by such.  
 But oh, the touch of lips and hands,  
 The human touch!  
 Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,—  
 These need I most, and now and here.  
 —In *Lyrics of Brotherhood*.

**Bynner, Witter**  
**The New World**.....Macmillan  
**Grenstone Poems**.....Stokes

Embodying in his beautiful figure of Celia the highest and best elements in American democracy, he has sung in both rhymed and free verse of a wide range of human emotion.

**THE MYSTIC.**

By seven vineyards on one hill  
 We walked. The native wine  
 In clusters grew beside us two,  
 For your lips and for mine,

When, "Hark!" you said,—“Was that a bell  
 Or a bubbling spring we heard?”  
 But I was wise and closed my eyes  
 And listened to a bird;

For as summer leaves are bent and shake  
 With singers passing through,  
 So moves in me continually  
 The winged breath of you.

You tasted from a single vine  
 And took from that your fill—  
 But I inclined to every kind,  
 All seven on one hill.

—Grenstone Poems.

**Carman, Bliss**  
**Complete Poems, 2 vols.**.....L. C. Page  
 An experienced poet, a master of poetic charm. A voice from days when we were less virile and strenuous than now.

**From LORD OF MY HEART'S ELATION.**

Lord of my heart's elation,  
 Spirit of things unseen,  
 Be thou my aspiration  
 Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward,  
 This mortal soul alone,  
 To selfhood or oblivion,  
 Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened  
 And blown along the sea,  
 Or sink and merge forever  
 In that which bids them be.

Be thou my exaltation  
 Or fortitude of mien,  
 Lord of the world's elation,  
 Thou breath of things unseen!

**Cawein, Madison**  
**Poems: Selected ed.**.....Macmillan  
**The Cup of Comus**.....Cameo Press

Processions of children now visit the gardens and glades beloved by this poet. Need more be said? The atmosphere of his verse must be crystalline, the melody inevitable.

**From OLD HOMES.**

Old homes among the hills! I love their gardens;  
 Their old rock fences, that our day inherits;  
 Their doors, round which the great trees stand like wardens;  
 Their paths, down which the shadows march like spirits;  
 Broad doors and paths that reach bird-haunted gardens.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever  
 Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;  
 Like love they touch me, through the years that sever,  
 With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after  
 The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.

—In *The Poet, the Fool and the Fairies*—Pub. by Small, Maynard.

**Clark, Charles Badger**  
**Grass-grown Trails**.....Badger

A poet of the far middle-west who is full of American spirit, vivid life, and real opinions.

**From MY FATHER AND I.**

My father prayed as he drew a bead on the gravcoats,  
 Back in those blazing years when the house was divided.

Bless his old heart! There never was truer nor kinder;

Yet he prayed while hoping the ball from his clumsy old musket

Might thud to the body of some hot-eyed young Southerner

And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg trenches.

at was my father, serving the Lord and his country,  
 aying and shooting whole-heartedly,  
 ver a doubt.  
 id now what about me in my own day of battle?  
 ould I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield  
 bullet?  
 ardly, except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here."

**leghorn, Sarah N.**

Portraits and Protests.....Holt

A poet of vigorous protest against some social  
 nds. A strong mind and a good contriver of verse.

From JUDGE ME, O LORD!

If I had been in Palestine  
 A poor disciple I had been.  
 I had not risked my purse or limb  
 All to forsake and follow Him.  
 But with the vast and wondering throng  
 I too had stood and listened long;  
 I too had felt my spirit stirred  
 When the Beatitudes I heard.

Beside the cross when Mary prayed  
 A great way off I too had stayed;  
 Not even in that hour had dared,  
 And for my dying Lord declared;  
 But beat upon my craven breast,  
 And loathed my coward heart, at least,  
 To think my life I dared not stake  
 And heard the Romans for His sake.

**loates, Florence Earle**

Poems .....Houghton

Lyrics of Life.....Houghton

Collected Poems, 2 vols.....Houghton

A well-known and accepted poet. Sympathy, purity  
 and tenderness characterize her work.

From A SONG.

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved,  
 Still well remembered, grieve not me;  
 From all that darkened and deceived  
 Upsoars my spirit free.  
 For soft the hours repeat one story,  
 Sings the sea one strain divine,  
 My clouds arise all flushed with glory;  
 I love, and the world is mine!  
 —In *Lyrics of Life*.

**Jone, Helen Gray**

The Ride to the Lady and

Other Poems.....Houghton

One of many experienced poets whom the world  
 has aroused to finer and nobler powers.

From A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;  
 The Spirit of England none can slay,  
 Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—  
 Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?  
 Fry the stone from the chancel floor,—  
 Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,  
 Cast her ashes into the sea—  
 She shall escape, she shall aspire,  
 She shall arise to make men free:  
 She shall arise in a sacred scorn,  
 Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;  
 Spirit supernal, Splendour eternal,  
 England!

Pub. by Dutton. First pub. in Atlantic Monthly.

**Conklin, Grace Hazard**

Afternoons in April.....Houghton

A strong and self-restrained poet, one of very great  
 promise and of achievement already.

THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS.

Le rossignol n'est pas mobilisé.  
 A French Soldier.

The nightingales of Flanders,  
 They have not gone to war.  
 A soldier heard them singing  
 Where they have sung before.

The earth was torn and quaking,  
 The sky about to fall,  
 The nightingales of Flanders  
 They minded not at all.

At intervals he heard them  
 Between the guns, he said,  
 Making a thrilling music  
 Above the listening dead.

Of woodland and of orchard  
 And roadside tree bereft,  
 The nightingales of Flanders  
 Were singing "France is left!"

**Cox, Eleanor Rogers**

Singing Fires of Erin.....Lane

A poet of the Celtic mists and magic.

From THE COMING OF LUGH.

A magic laughter floods and fills  
 The song of spring—awakened rills,  
 And unseen harpers walk the hills,

Along the mountains' purple ledge  
 The Shce arise from fern and sedge  
 To dance upon the day-light's edge.

**Doolittle, Hilda (Mrs. Aldington, "H. D.")**

Sea Garden.....Houghton

One of the most important in the so-called Imagist  
 group.

OREAD.

Whirl up, sea—  
 Whirl your pointed pines.  
 Splash your great pines  
 On our rocks.  
 Hurl your green over us—  
 Cover us with your pools of fir.

**Daly, Thomas Augustine**

Carmina .....Lane

Madrigali .....McKay

Songs of Wedlock.....Philadelphia

Poet of the Italian and Irish immigrant, of genial  
 humor and wide humanity; also, of excellent technique  
 in standardized forms.

MIA CARLOTTA.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash  
 He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,  
 He gotta da seely young girls for da "mash,"  
 But notta—  
 You bat my life, notta  
 Carlotta  
 I gotta.

—In *Carmina*.

KITTY'S GRADUATION.

Dublin Alley jisht was crazy, jubilation was the rule,  
 Chewsday week whin Kitty Casey won the honors at  
 the school.

Shure the neighbors had been waiten, all impatient of  
 delay,

For to see her graduatin' on that most important day.  
 Eddication is a power, an' we owned with one accord  
 Casey's girl's the swatest flower ever blossomed in the  
 ward,

Whin, wid dhress white as the daisy, but wid cheeks  
 that shamed the rose,

We beheld wee Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

—In *Carmina*.

**Dargan, Olive Tilford**

Pathflower and Other Poems.....Scribner

The Cycle's Rim.....Scribner's

A facile poet, dividing her attentions among the  
 lyric, the sonnet and the poetic drama. Her thought  
 is complex and elusive, the form very finished.

ON BOSWORTH FIELD.

Here, Richard, didst thou fall, caparisoned  
 With kingdoms of thy lust;  
 And here wouldst lie, by Fame's bent gleaners  
 shunned,

But came unto thy dust  
A swaggerer, perdy!  
Who cried "A horse, a horse!" and straight  
Thou wert abroad on kingly feet  
To tread eternity

—In *The Pathflower*.

**Davies, Mary Carolyn**  
**The Drums in Our Street.....Macmillan**

One of the youngest poets, who makes vivid transcripts of scenes and moods, in the inadvertent method, and with a music of their own.

AMERICA 1917-18.

A nation goes adventuring!  
With new and shining mail,  
A nation goes adventuring  
To seek the Holy Grail.

A nation leaves its money-bags,  
Its firesides safe and warm,  
To ride about the windy world  
And keep the weak from harm.

A nation goes adventuring,  
With heart that will not quail,  
God grant it, on some hard-won dawn,  
Sight of the Holy Grail.

**Davis, Fannie Stearns (Mrs. Gifford)**  
**Myself and I.....Macmillan**  
**Crack o' Dawn.....Macmillan**

The poetry of Mrs. Gifford is as whimsical as it is original; as feminine as it is free. She is at home in standardized forms.

SOULS.

My soul goes clad in gorgeous things,  
Scarlet and gold and blue,  
And at her shoulder sudden wings  
Like long flames flicker through.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free  
From mortal bonds and bars.  
She laughs, because eternity  
Blossoms for her with stars!

O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown,  
My dull and foolish face,  
Can ye not see my soul flash down,  
A singing flame through space?

And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate,  
Why may I not divine  
Your souls, that must be passionate,  
Shining and swift, as mine?

—In *Myself and I*.

**Dickinson, Emily**  
**The Single Hound.....Little**  
"She was not daily-bread. She was star-dust."—  
Martha Dickson Bianchi.

The Sea said "Come" to the Brook,  
The Brook said "Let me grow!"  
The Sea said "Then you will be a Sea—  
I want a Brook, Come now!"

**Erskine, John**  
**The Shadowed Hour.....Lyric Pub. Co.**  
Poet of old virtues and beauties in values of today.

From YOUTH DYING.

Ye who love youth, bring tears and aching hearts;  
For now the dark hour calls and youth departs,  
Where the red scythe swings close o'er crowded fields  
And stroke by stroke the vivid moment yields  
Our bravest, our most beautiful, our most loved.

Let them, die and pass and be forgot,  
Our grey die, our wrath, but, perish not  
The justice-loving, the crusading heart,  
This will of youth to take the righteous part.

**Ficke, Arthur Davison**  
**The Man on the Hilltop.....Kennerley**  
**Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter....Kennerley**

A scholarly poet, seeking his subjects in many places and expressing himself with tempered originality.

TO A CHILD—TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

You shall remember dimly,  
Through mists of far-away,  
Her whom, our lips set grimly,  
We carried forth to-day.

But when in days hereafter,  
Unfolding time shall bring  
Knowledge of love and laughter  
And trust and triumphing,—

Then from some face the fairest,  
From some most joyous breast,  
Garner what there is rarest  
And happiest and best.

And all the mists shall perish  
That have between you moved.  
You shall see her you cherish;  
And love, as we have loved.

—In *The Man on the Hilltop*.

**Fletcher, John Gould**  
**Goblins and Pagodas.....Houghton**  
**Japanese Prints.....Four Seas**

A distinguished representative of the Imagist group of poets,—and a poet, wherever he is classed!

From BLUE SYMPHONY.

O old pagodas of my soul, how you glittered across green trees!

Blue and cool:  
Blue, tremulously,  
Blow faint puffs of smoke  
Across sombre pools,  
And damp green smell of rotted wood:  
And a heron that cries from out the water.

—In *Goblins and Pagodas*.

**Foster, Jeanne Robert**  
**Neighbors of Yesterday..Sherman, French**

A poet of indelible nativeness who seeks to trace the soul of the Adirondack country-folk; a promising poet.

From THE OLD SITTING ROOM.

There were two pictures hung upon the wall,  
One was called "Mercy at the Wicket Gate,"  
The other, "Contemplation"; and beneath this one  
There ran the stately psalm: "When I remember  
The heavens—the work of Thy fingers,  
The sun, the moon and the stars,  
Which Thou has ordained,  
What is man that Thou art mindful of him,  
Or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him?"

The painted clock tick-tocks the quiet hours,  
The gay rag carpet hides the knotty floors,

We listen to the even rise and fall  
Of father's voice lost in a mellow tale  
Of noble wars and young blood's chivalry.  
Over us "Mercy at the Wicket Gate"  
And "Contemplation" look out to the stars  
Beyond the mountains, and we are at peace  
With God and man in our old sitting room.

**Frost, Robert**  
**North of Boston.....Holt**  
**Mountain Interval.....Holt**

A subtle versifier and a master of psychology. His method combines objective narrative with closely indented spiritual values. His line defies standards, and breathes a new mystic music. Is this a prophecy?

THE PASTURE.

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,

It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.  
—In *North of Boston*.

**Garrison, Theodosia**

The Joy of Life.....Kennerley  
The Earth Cry.....Kennerley  
The Dreamers, and Other Poems....Doran

A simple home-like-ness (that covers a fine technique) and a joyful awareness of life, together with an inspiring sense of conquest, distinguish the work of this poet.

**ONE FIGHT MORE.**

Now, think you, Life, I am defeated quite?  
More than a single battle shall be mine  
Before I yield the sword and give the sign  
And turn, a crownless outcast, to the night.  
Wounded, and yet unconquered in the fight,  
I wait in silence till the day may shine  
Once more upon my strength, and all the line  
Of your defenses break before my might.

Mine be the warrior's blood who, stricken sore,  
Lies in his quiet chamber till he hears  
Afar the clash and clang of arms, and knows  
The cause he lived for calls to him once more  
And straightway rises, whole and void of fears,  
And armed, turns him singing to his foes.  
—In *The Earth Cry*.

**Griffith, William**

Loves and Losses of Pierrot.....Shores  
City Pastorals .....White  
Poet of airy fancy and lilting movement.

**RECONCILIATION.**

When she came back, my heart had found  
The secret spring;  
The gates of heaven made no sound  
In opening.  
Dawn—and the sable butterflies  
So black, so black!  
Were as a rainbow in the skies,  
When she came back.  
—In *Love and Losses of Pierrot*.

**Guiney, Louise Imogen**

Happy Ending.....Houghton  
A poet of fine moods and melodious lines.

**WHEN ON THE MARGE OF EVENING.**

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,  
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar,  
Or when my lattice opens, before the lark hath spoken,  
On dim laburnum-blossoms, and morning's dying star,

I think of thee (oh mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)  
Whose greater noonday splendors the many share and see,  
While sacred and forever, some perfect law is keeping  
The late, the early twilight, alone and sweet for me.

**Guiterman, Arthur**

The Laughing Muse.....Harper  
The Mirthful Lyre.....Harper

A poet of extraordinary cleverness and command of poetic technique, but it is not to be forgotten that "Life" (for which paper he frequently writes) is not all of life to him.

**From HILLS IN MIRTHFUL LYRE.**

I never loved your plains!—  
Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleaded alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail  
That scorns the hollow,—  
Up, up the ragged shale  
Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest  
And mossy boulder  
With strong thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder.

How pure, at vespertime,  
The far bells chiming—  
God, give me hills to climb,  
And strength for climbing!  
(Copyright by Harper & Bros.)

**Hagedorn, Hermann**

Poems and Ballads.....Macmillan  
The Great Maze, and the Heart  
of Youth.....Macmillan  
Hymn of Free Peoples.....Macmillan

This poet was already highly acknowledged before the gigantic drama of the World War awoke him to the greatest fervor of patriotism. The following poem was written near the close of the war.

**TO THE MAKERS OF SONG.**

Surely the time for making songs has come  
Now that the spring is in the air again!  
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain  
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.

Long was the winter, long our lips were dumb,  
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.  
Surely the time for making songs has come  
Now that the Spring is in the air again!

The Spring!—with bugles and the rumbling Grum!  
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,  
Now is the time with singing to make vain  
The boast of kings in Pandemonium!

Surely the time for making songs has come!  
—In *Fifes and Drums*. Published by Doran.

**Johnson, Robert Underwood**

Poems.....Century Co.  
Songs of War and Peace.....Bobbs-Merrill  
Poet of civic righteousness and classic phrase.  
*From EMBATTLED FRANCE.*

And when beside the Marne's red tide—a lioness at bay—  
She gave September unto Mars to make him holiday,  
She saved with hers our kindred soil three thousand miles away.

And when Hate's last far crop is part, sown broadcast by the blind,  
The memory of her chivalry shall stir in humankind  
A love akin to bridal love—the passion of the mind.  
—By permission from *Poems of War and Peace*, by Robert Underwood Johnson. Published by the Author.

**Jones, Thomas S., Jr.**

The Rose-Jar.....Mosher  
The Voice in the Silence.....Mosher

In these poems the essence of beauty is distilled from the flowers of sorrow and remembrance. The very fragrance of the rose-jar is about them, the grace of Venice glass in their form.

**DUSK AT SEA.**

To-night eternity alone is near;  
The sea, the sunset, and the darkening blue;  
Within their shelter is no space for fear,  
Only the wonder that such things are true.

The thought of you is like the dusk at sea—  
Space and wide freedom and old shores left far;  
The shelter of a vast immensity  
Sealed by the sunset and the evening star.  
—In *The Voice in the Silence*.

**Kemp, Harry**

The Cry of Youth.....Kennerley  
A poet who is full of the fighting spirit, but occasionally has a mood like the following.

# JOSSES, THE BROTHER OF JESUS.

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded from day to day  
 With never a vision within him to glorify his clay;  
 Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one with the heavy  
 clod,  
 But Christ was the soul of rapture, and soared, like  
 the lark, with God.  
 Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only a worker in  
 wood,  
 And he never could see the glory that Jesus, his  
 brother, could.  
 "Why stays he not in the work-shop?" he often used  
 to complain,  
 "Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their  
 stain?  
 Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's  
 trade,  
 While hammers are busily sounding, and there is gain  
 to be made?"  
 Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with plummet and  
 rule,  
 And deeming whoever surpassed him either a knave  
 or a fool,  
 For he never walked with the prophets in God's great  
 garden of bliss—  
 And of all mistakes of the ages, the saddest, methinks,  
 was this:  
 To have such a brother as Jesus, to speak with him  
 day by day,  
 But never to catch the vision that glorified his clay.

Kilmer, Joyce

Trees and Other Poems.....Doran  
 Main Street and Other Poems.....Doran  
 Memorial Edition of Works.....Doran

The Great War found one of its most shining  
 marks in the person of the young poet whose sincere  
 and unaffected poems had a wide appeal.

## PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,  
 (Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,  
 (Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,  
 (They scourged Thy back and smoke Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear  
 My eyes of salty drops that sear,

Then shall my fickle soul forget  
 Thine Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,  
 (From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me  
 Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again  
 This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

—Joyce Kilmer. Poems, essays and letters with mem-  
 oir by Robert C. Holliday. Copyrighted 1918. George  
 H. Doran Co., publishers.

Knowles, Frederic Lawrence

Love Triumphant.....Estes  
 On Life's Stairway.....Estes

Well-known as an anthologist as well as a poet of  
 distinction.

## ON A FLY-LEAF OF BURNS' SONGS.

These are the best of him,  
 Pathos and jest of him;  
 Earth holds the rest of him.

Passions were strong in him,—  
 Pardon the wrong in him;  
 Hark to the song in him!—

Each little lyrical  
 Grave or satirical  
 Musical miracle!

—In *On Life's Stairway*.

Lee, Agnes

The Sharing.....Sherman, French  
 Spontaneity and delicacy distinguish the work of  
 this poet—an essentially feminine poet with swift in-  
 terpretations of beauty and life.

## PEACE.

Suddenly bells and flags!  
 Suddenly—door to door,  
 Tidings! Can we believe,  
 We who were used to war?

Soon where the shrapnel fell  
 Petals shall wake and stir.  
 Look—she is here, she lives!  
 Beauty has died for her.

—Printed in "Poetry," a magazine of verse, Dec. 1918.

Le Gallienne, Richard

New Poems.....Lane  
 The Lonely Dancer.....Lane

A poet voicing the heart of the evanescent and the  
 eternal pathos of life. His satisfying technique  
 makes us wonder whether we may not still have a  
 Greek among us.

## TO A BIRD AT DAWN.

All my life until this day,  
 And all my life until I die—  
 All joy and sorrow of the way,  
 Seem calling yonder in the sky;  
 And there is something the song saith  
 That makes me unafraid of death.

Voice of man's heart and of God's sky—  
 But O you make so deep a thing  
 Of joy, I dare not think of pain  
 Until I hear you sing again.

—In *The Lonely Dancer*.

Lindsay, Vachel

General William Booth.....Macmillan  
 The Congo.....Macmillan  
 The Chinese Nightingale.....Macmillan

An American folk-poet of daring originality and  
 magical rhythmic sense.

## THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:—  
 To speak of bloody power as right divine,  
 And call on God to guard each vile chief's house,  
 And for such chiefs, turn men to wolves and swine:—

To go forth killing in White Mercy's name,  
 Making the trenches stink with spattered brains,  
 Tearing the nerves and arteries apart,  
 Sowing with flesh the unrepaid golden plains.

In any Church's name, to sack fair towns,  
 And turn each home into a screaming sty,  
 To make the little children fugitive,  
 And have their mothers for a quick death cry,—

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:  
 This is the sin no purging can atone:—  
 To send forth rapine in the name of Christ:—  
 To set the face, and make the heart a stone.

—In *The Congo*.

Lowell, Amy

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.....Macmillan  
 Men, Women and Ghosts.....Macmillan

A consistent and brilliant Imagist with an exquisite  
 sense of detail. A good story-teller, scenting out  
 dramatic situations.

## HOAR FROST.

In the cloud-gray mornings  
 I heard the herons flying;  
 And when I came into my garden,  
 My silken outer-garment  
 Trailed over withered leaves.

A dried leaf crumbles at a touch,  
But I have seen many Autumns  
With herons blowing like smoke  
Across the sky.

—From *Chinorseries*. Pub. in "Others" for July, 1916.

## Mackaye, Percy

Uriel and Other Poems.....Macmillan  
The Present Hour.....Macmillan

One of our most eminent interpreters of American life, not only in unusual verse, but in pageant and poetic drama.

## FRANCE.

Half artist and half anchorite,  
Part siren and part Socrates,  
Her face—alluring and yet recondite—  
Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask,  
Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,  
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,  
Blazed to the world her single soul—

Jeanne d'Arc!  
—In *The Present Hour*.

## Markham, Edwin

The Shoes of Happiness.....Doubleday  
Lincoln and Other Poems.....Doubleday

A poet of April lightness and also of tempestuous power. "The world's greatest poet of the social passion," said Alfred Russell Wallace. As to form, he is master of an art that conceals art.

## OUTWITTED.

He drew a circle that shut me out—  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle that took him in.  
—In *The Shoes of Happiness*.

## From THE ANGELUS.

God is more pleased by some sweet human use  
Than by the learned book of the recluse;  
Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him  
Than the high harpings of the Seraphim;  
More than white incense circling to the dome  
Is a field well-furrowed, or a nail sent home.  
More than the hallelujahs of the choirs  
Or hushed adorings by the altar fires,  
Is a loaf well kneaded, or a room swept clean  
With light-heart love that finds no labor mean.  
—In *Lincoln and Other Poems*.

## Masters, Edgar Lee

Spoon River Anthology.....Macmillan  
The Great Valley.....Macmillan  
Toward the Gulf.....Macmillan

An astute observer whose habitual satire is sometimes touched with the white fire of faith and ecstasy. A chronicler of the middle-west American small town, powerfully emphasizing the harshest features.

## ANNE RUTLEDGE.

Out of me unworthy and unknown  
The vibrations of deathless music;  
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."  
Out of me the forgiveness of millions towards millions.  
And the beneficent face of a nation  
Shining with justice and truth.  
I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,  
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,  
Wedded to him, not through union,  
But through separation,  
Bloom forever, O Republic,  
From the dust of my bosom!

—In *Spoon River Anthology*.

## Miffin, Lloyd

Complete Sonnets.....Oxford  
The Slopes of Helicon.....Estes  
The Fields of Dawn.....Oxford

A very expert sonneteer. Poet of ordered movement and calm outlook.

## From EPIGAEA.

April is coming and I surely hear  
On all the mossy slopes and woodland dells,  
That elfin music, delicately clear,  
From coral clusters of arbutus bells.  
Precious thou wast in days that young love gave  
When sight of thee could make my bosom thrill;  
Oh, might some friend but plant thee on my grave  
To tell the woods, thy lover loves thee still.  
—In *The Slopes of Helicon*.

## Millay, Edna St. Vincent

Renascence and Other Poems..Kennerley

Lovers of poetry will watch with interest the work of this young author whose first book struck so strong and original a note.

## From WHEN THE YEAR GROWS OLD.

Oh, beautiful at nightfall  
The soft spitting snow!  
And beautiful the bare boughs  
Rubbing to and fro!

But the roaring of the fire,  
And the warmth of fur,  
And the boiling of the kettle  
Were beautiful to her!

I cannot but remember  
When the year grows old—  
October—November—  
How she disliked the cold!

## Mitchell, Ruth Comfort

The Night Court and  
Other Poems.....Century

A poet who presents in vivid verse varying phases of American life of to-day.

## POST-GRADUATE.

If she had lived a little while ago  
She would be wearing tranquil caps of lace;  
Withdrawing gently to her quiet place,  
Sighing, remotely, at the world's drab woe.  
To-day she fronts it squarely as her foe,  
Not from the inglenook but face to face,  
Marching to meet it, stoutly keeping pace,  
Armored in wisdom, strong to overthrow.

This is the world she always understood:  
The world in terms of home. Set free to flower  
(Unhindered now, her own brood long a-wing)  
In broader, all-embracing motherhood;  
Calm with the years and ardent with the hour,—  
Indian Summer with the urge of Spring.  
—In *The Night Court and Other Verse*.

## Monroe, Harriet

You and I.....Macmillan

Miss Monroe had already established herself as a poet in classic form before she founded her magazine *Poetry—a Magazine of Verse*. The following is one of her most charming bits of short verse.

## LOVE SONG.

I love my life, but not too well  
To give it to thee like a flower,  
So it may pleasure thee to dwell  
Deep in its perfume but an hour.  
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well  
To sing it note by note away,  
So to thy soul the song may tell  
The beauty of the desolate day.  
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well  
To cast it like a cloak on thine,  
Against the storms that sound and swell  
Between thy lonely heart and mine.  
I love my life, but not too well.

—In *You and I*.

**Moody, William Vaughn**  
Complete Poems and Dramas,  
2 vols.....Houghton

A poet of lofty imagination, imperishable beauty of expression, spirituality, intense patriotism, deep-dyed Americanism. One of the brightest stars in America's crown of poets.

*From THE DAGUERROTYPE.*

I think these eyes foresee,  
Now in their unawakened time,  
Their mother's pride in me,  
And dream even now, unconsciously,  
Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung lea  
You pictured I should climb.  
Broken premonitions come,  
Shapes, gestures visionary,  
Not as once to maiden Mary  
The manifest angel with fresh lilies came  
Intelligently calling her by name;  
But vanishingly, dumb,  
Thwarted and bright and wild,  
As heralding a sin-defiled  
Earth-cumbered, blood-begotten, passionate man-child,  
Who yet should be a trump of mighty call  
Blown in the gates of evil kings  
To make them fall;  
Who yet should be a sword of flame before  
The soul's inviolate door  
To beat away the clang of hellish wings;  
Who yet should be a lyre  
Of high unquenchable desire  
In the day of little things.  
—By special arrangement with Houghton-Mifflin Co.

**Morgan, Angela**  
The Hour Has Struck....The Aster Press  
Utterance.....Baker and Taylor  
Forward, March!.....Lane

Impassioned aspirations, flaming in verse that flows like streams of lava. Her subjects move from the highest spheres to the kitchen stairs. The form is loosely constructed, but is not "free verse."

*From KINSHIP.*

I am aware,  
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,  
Doing my part of the every-day care—  
Human and simple my lot and my share—  
I am aware of a marvelous thing:  
Voices that murmur and ethers that ring  
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.  
I am aware of the passion that pours  
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;  
Forces terrific, with melody shod,  
Music that mates with the pulses of God.  
I am aware of the glory that runs  
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.  
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,  
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,  
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains  
Here in the midst of the every-day air—  
I am aware.

—In *The Hour Has Struck*.

**Neihardt, John G.**  
The Stranger at the Gate.....Kennerley  
The Song of Hugh Glass.....Macmillan  
The Quest.....Macmillan

A poet of eager and aspiring themes and good workmanship. One of the first to avail himself of the epic theme of American pioneering.

Onward, outward I must go  
Where the mighty currents flow.  
Home is anywhere for me  
On this purple-tented sea.  
Star and Wind and Sun my brothers,  
Ocean one of many mothers.  
Onward under sun and star  
Where the weird adventures are!  
Never port shall lift for me—  
I am Wind and Sky and Sea!

—In *The Quest*.

**Norton, Grace Fallow**

The Sister of the Wind.....Houghton  
Little Grey Songs from St. Joseph's

Roads .....Houghton

The accent of Miss Norton's poetry is sad, poignant and beautiful as a rainy day is beautiful.

There's one that I once loved so much  
I am no more the same,  
I give thanks for that transforming touch.  
I tell you not his name.

He has become a sign to me  
For flowers and for fire.  
For song he is a sign to me  
And for the broken lyre.

—In *Roads*.

**Oppenheim, James**  
Songs of the New Age.....Century Co.  
War and Laughter.....Century Co.  
Book of Self.....Knopf

One voice from the philosophical idealism of our time. The forms he chooses are of the so-called Free Verse style.

*THE LONELY CHILD.*

Do you think, my boy, that when I put my arms  
around you,  
To still your fears,  
That it is I that conquer the dark and the lonely  
night?

My arms seem to wrap love about you,  
As your little heart fluttering at my breast  
Throbs love through me . . . .

But, dear one, it is not your father:  
Other arms are about you, drawing you near,  
And drawing the Earth near, and the Night near,  
And your father near . . . .

Some day you shall lie alone at nights,  
As now your father lies:  
And in those arms, as a leaf fallen on a tranquil  
stream,  
Drift into dreams and healing sleep.

—In *Songs of the New Age*.

**O'Sheel, Shaemus**  
The Blossomy Bough.....Franklin Press  
The Light Feet of Goats....Franklin Press

A light touch and a delicate mood are characteristics of this poet. A weaver of verbal charms.

*HE WHOM A DREAM HATH POSSESSED.*

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of  
doubting,  
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouth-  
ing of words he scorns;  
Not the sinuous speech of school he hears, but a  
knightly shouting,  
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a  
million scorns.

**Peabody, Josephine Preston (Mrs. Marks)**  
The Singing Leaves.....Houghton  
The Singing Man.....Houghton  
Harvest Moon.....Houghton

A flaming idealist with a happy turn for allegory and illustration. She has a delicate, charming way of her own; the technique is exquisitely individual. Better known, perhaps, for her poetic dramas.

*From YOU, FOUR WALLS, WALL NOT IN MY HEART.*

You, Four Walls,  
Wall not in my heart!  
When the lovely night-time falls  
All so welcomely,  
Blinding, sweet hearthfire,  
Light of heart's desire,  
Blind not, blind not me!  
Unto them that weep apart,—



While you glow, within,  
Wreckt, despairing kin,—  
Dark with misery:  
—Do not blind my heart!  
—In *The Singing Man*.

**Piper, Edward Ford**  
**Barbed Wire and Other**

Poems.....Midland Press  
One of the vital vernacular poets of the Middle West and the plains.

From **THE PLAINSMEN**.

Men of the older, gentler soil,  
Loving the things that their fathers wrought—  
Worn old fields of their fathers' toil,  
Scarred old hills where their fathers fought—  
Loving their land for each ancient trace,  
Like a mother dear for her wrinkled face,  
Such as they never can understand  
The way we have loved you, young, young land!

Born of a free, world-wandering race,  
Little we yearned o'er an oft-turned sod.  
What did we care for the fathers' place,  
Having ours fresh from the hand of God?  
Who feared the strangeness or wiles of you  
When from the unreckoned miles of you  
Thrilling the wind with a sweet command,  
Youth unto youth called, young, young land?

**Reese, Lizette Woodworth**  
**A Quiet Road.....Mosher**  
**A Wayside Lute.....Mosher**  
**A Handful of Lavender.....Mosher**

The maker of one faultless sonnet and many lovely lyrics. An almost impeccable technician; not wide in appeal, but poignant in effects.

**THAT DAY YOU CAME.**

As after song some snatch of tune  
Lurks still in grass or bough,  
So, somewhat of the end o' June  
Lurks in each weather now.

The young year sets the buds astir,  
The old year strips the trees;  
But ever in my lavender  
I hear the brawling bees.

—In *A Handful of Lavender*.

**Rice, Cale Young**  
**Collected Plays and Poems,**  
**2 vols.....Doubleday**

**Trails Sunward.....Century**  
**Songs to A. H. R.....Century**

A voluminous poet who celebrates the meanings and memories of many lands and sometimes reaches the height of a poignant appeal, as in the poem below.

**BY THE CH'EN GATE.**

At dusk as wild geese winged their airy way  
Upon the sunset over proud Peking,  
To where, darker than jade, the mountains lay,  
Set in the misty gold of dying day,  
I stood upon the mighty Tartar wall  
By the great-towered gate, the Ch'en, and felt  
The yellow myriads move to it and melt,  
As in some opiate sleep's imagining.  
And slowly through there came a caravan  
Of swinging camels out of far Thibet  
Upon their tawny flanks the foam still wet  
And in their eyes the desert's ancient span.  
What dreams they bore to me I now forget,  
But through me rang the name of Kubla Khan.

—From *Collected Plays and Poems*.

**Riley, James Whitcomb**  
**Complete Poems.....Bobbs-Merrill**  
The poet well-beloved. Best known for his poems of child life in Hoosier dialect.

**A PARTING GUEST.**

What delightful hosts are they—  
Life and Love!

Lingeringly I turn away,  
This late hour, yet glad enough  
They have not withheld from me  
Their high hospitality.  
So, with face lit with delight  
And all gratitude, I stay  
Yet to press their hands and say,  
"Thanks.—So fine a time! Good night."

**Rittenhouse, Jessie B.**  
**The Door of Dreams.....Houghton**

In flawless verse and the purest spirit, she touches various love-themes. Each poem is a well-carved gem.

**DEBTS.**

My debt to you, Beloved,  
Is one I cannot pay  
In any coin of any realm  
On any reckoning day;

For where is he shall figure  
The debt, when all is said,  
To one who makes you dream again  
When all the dreams were dead?

Or where is the appraiser  
Who shall the claim compute  
Of one who makes you sing again  
When all the songs were mute?

**Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt**  
**One Woman to Another.....Scribner**

The earnest heart and full mind are expressed in this poetry.

**THE POET.**

The Poet should be one who sings,  
Whose rhythmic music lifts and rings  
With images inspired;  
And he must be the Seer who sees  
Beyond his utmost melodies,  
Until, with soul afired,  
He brings the waiting world the word  
That only Seer and Singer heard!

—In *One Woman to Another, and Other Poems*.  
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**Robinson, Edwin Arlington**  
**Children of the Night.....Scribner**  
**The Town Down the River.....Scribner**

**Merlin: A Poem.....Macmillan**

A poet characterized by brilliant analysis of personality in restrained and vital poetry. He is master of a cleverly impeccable blank verse which is rich in subtle philosophy. He has been called an American Browning.

**From MERLIN: A POEM.**

The Man who sees  
May go on seeing till the immortal flame  
That lights and lures him folds him in its heart,  
And leaves of what there was of him to die  
An atom of inhospitable dust  
That love and hate alike must hide away.

**Sandberg, Carl**  
**Chicago Poems.....Holt**  
**Cornhuskers .....Holt**

A valorous realist who makes a swaggering adventure of poetry, but cannot help being tremendously vital and often very musical. A clarion voice from Chicago. Sandberg's social spirit is a living fire; see, for instance, the swift stroke from the shoulder in the poem below.

**THEY WILL SAY**

Of my city the worst that men will ever say is this:  
You took little children away from the sun and the dew,  
And the gimmers that played in the grass under the great sky,  
And the reckless rain; you put them between walls,  
To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages,  
To eat dust in their throats and die empty-hearted,  
For a little handful of pay on a few Saturday nights.  
—In *Chicago Poems*.

**Schauffler, Robert Haven**

Scum o' the Earth.....Houghton  
A poet of modern, democratic American verse.

*From SCUM O' THE EARTH.*

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,  
Help us incarnate dreams like these.  
Forget and forgive that we did you wrong.  
Help us to father a nation, strong  
In the comradeship of an equal birth,  
In the wealth of the richest bloods on earth.

**Scollard, Clinton**

Poems .....Houghton  
The Vale of Shadows and Other  
Verses of the Great War.....White  
Ballads, Romantic and Patriotic.....White

A long career in verse-making gives Mr. Scollard a great command of the resources of poetry.

*GENNESAR.*

Bright 'neath the Syrian sun, dim 'neath the Syrian  
star,  
Thus lieth Galilee's sea, sapphirine lake Gennesar;  
Girdled by mountains that range purple and proud to  
their crests,  
Bearing the burden of dreams,—glamour of old,—on  
their breasts.

Just one white glint of a sail dotting the brooding  
expanse;  
Beaches that sparkle and gleam, ripples that darkle and  
dance;

Grandeur and beauty and peace welded year-long into  
one  
Under the Syrian star, under the Syrian sun!

And over all and through all memories sweet of His  
name,  
Kindling the past with their light, touching the future  
with flame!

—In *Lyrics and Legends of Christmas*.

**Seeger, Alan**

Poems .....Scribner's

A singer whom battle preserved in immortal youth  
and whose songs of courage and love gave promise  
of high achievement.

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—

I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

—In *Poems of Alan Seeger*. Copyright by Charles  
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**Shepard, Odell**

A Lonely Flute.....Houghton

A maker of quiet-toned, well finished lyrics. This  
poet's flute has a sweet melody, thin and delicate.

*EVENING ROAD SONG.*

It's a long road and a steep road  
And a weary road to climb.  
The air bites chill on the windy hill.  
At home it is firelight time.

The sunset pales . . . along the vales  
The cottage candles shine  
And twinkle through the early dew.  
Thank God that one is mine!

And dark and late she'll watch and wait  
Beyond the last long mile  
For the weary beat of homing feet  
With her wise and patient smile.

**Smith, Marion Couthoy**

The Final Star.....White

A strong spirit and a patriotic one is speaking in  
this book.

*From OUR FLAG IN FRANCE.*

Up with the flag in France, lads, up with the flag in  
France!  
As the dawn-rays rising oversea, so be its bright ad-  
vance;  
The dawn-rays flaming on the sea, the morning round  
the world—  
Long and dark was the night to us, while the stars and  
stripes were furled!

Fight for the world's defense, lads, as your fathers  
fought before,  
For truth and right against ruthless might, for free-  
dom's cause once more!  
Though the way be long and the hazard strong, for  
glory or mischance,  
Up with the flag in France, lads, up with the flag in  
France!

**Smith, May Riley**

Sometime and Other Poems.....Dutton

A poet beloved for a few beautiful and human  
poems.

*MARCH.*

In the dark silence of her chambers low,  
March works out sweeter things than mortals know.

Her noiseless looms ply on with busy care,  
Weaving the fine cloth that the flowers wear.

She sews the seams in violets' queer hood,  
And paints the sweet arbutus of the wood.

Out of a bit of sky's delicious blue  
She fashions hyacinths, and harebells, too.

Come, early risers! Come, anemone,  
My pale wind flowers! cheerily calls she.

What matter, then, that wild the March-winds blow?  
Bear patiently her lingering frost and snow!

For all the sweet beginnings of the spring  
Beneath her cold brown breast lie fluttering.

**Spicer, Anne Higginson**

The Last Crusade.....White

A poet with a wide range of thought and sympathy  
and a technique adventurous within bounds.

*THE HEART OF LINCOLN.*

Still heart, do you thrill, heart?  
Heart, do you beat again?  
Thrill and beat at the marching feet  
Of America's young men?

Splendid heart, unended heart,  
Heart of our prayers and songs,  
Beat from the dust, as well you must,  
At the injured peoples' wrongs.

Weeping heart, unsleeping heart,  
Somewhere beyond the grave  
Do you not throb at every sob  
Wrung from a fettered slave?

Oh grave heart, and brave heart,  
Heart of our Lincoln, today  
Live in the truth and the splendid youth  
Of our young men marching away!

**Sterling, George**

Testimony of the Suns.....Robertson

The Wine of Wizardry.....Robertson

Beyond the Breakers.....Robertson

"Poet of antiquity, infinity, and immensity; of trans-  
lunary and infra-mundane imagination," says Edwin  
Markham.

*From THE COMING SINGER.*

The Veil before the Mystery of things  
Shall stir for him with iris and with light;  
Chaos shall have no terror in his sight,  
Nor earth a bond to chafe his urgent wings.  
With sandals beaten from the crowns of kings

Shall he tread down the altars of their night,  
And stand with Silence on her breathless height  
To hear what song the star of morning sings.

**Teasdale, Sara**  
Rivers to the Sea.....Macmillan  
Love Songs.....Macmillan

A poet of flawless technique and great simplicity of form; she uses for the most part themes of love. She flashes forth moods, distilling June into the rose.

#### WOOD SONG.

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk  
Twirl three notes and make a star—  
My heart that walked with bitterness  
Came back from very far.  
Three shining notes were all he had,  
And yet they made a starry call—  
I caught life back against my breast  
And kissed it, scars and all.

—In *Love Songs*.

**Thomas, Edith M.**  
A Winter Swallow.....Scribner  
Fair Shadowland.....Houghton  
The Inverted Torch.....Houghton  
The Flower from the Ashes.....Mosher

After many years of careful practice in verse-making and the publication of some fifteen volumes of poetry, Miss Thomas heard the call of the World War. Then, in her hands, "the thing became a trumpet," to sound forth the meanings of the era, as the poet-seer saw them.

#### THE VOICE OF THE LAWS.

This from that soul incorrupt whom Athens had  
doomed to the death,  
When Crito brought promise of freedom: "Vainly  
thou spendest thy breath!  
Dost remember the wild Corybantes? feel they the  
knife or the rod?  
Hear they the fierce summer sun, the frost, or win-  
terly flaws?—  
If any entreat them, they answer, 'We hear but the  
flutes of the God!'"

"So even am I, O my Crito! Thou pleadest a losing  
cause!  
Thy words are as sound without import—I hear but  
the Voice of the Laws,  
And, know thou! the Voice of the Laws is to me as  
the flutes of the God."

Thus spake that soul incorrupt. And wherever, since  
hemlock was quaffed,  
A man has stood forth without fear—has chosen the  
dark deep draught—  
Has taken the lone one way, nor the path of dishonor  
has trod,  
Behold! he, too, hears but the Voice of the Laws, the  
flutes of the God.

—In *The Dancers*. Pub. by Badger.

**Torrence, Ridgely**  
The House of a Hundred Lights  
Small, Maynard

In non-dramatic form he is not a voluminous writer, but everywhere is one of radiant quality. He never writes a line that is not an exquisite distillation of poetry.

#### EVENSONG.

Beauty calls and gives no warning,  
Shadows rise and wander on the day,  
In the twilight, in the quiet evening  
We shall rise and smile and go away.  
Over the falling leaves  
Freezes the sky,  
It is the season grieves,  
Not you, not I.  
All our springtime, all our summers  
We have kept the longing warm within,  
Now we leave the after-comers  
To attain the dreams we did not win.

Oh we wakened, Sweet, and had our birth,  
And that's the end of earth.  
And we have toiled and laughed and found the light  
And that's the end of night.

**Towne, Charles Hanson**

Beyond the Stars.....Kennerley  
A Quiet Singer.....Kennerley  
Today and Tomorrow.....Doran

A fine poet who, among the other Vigilantes, consecrated his poetic abilities to the service of his country. The following passage comes from one of his earlier poems:

He had been singing—but I had not heard his voice;  
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,  
O many a morning long.  
But I, remote and far,  
Under an alien star,  
Listened to other singers, other birds,  
And other silver words.  
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,  
Beg the cold world to hear?  
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,  
At dawn, or in the blue, mild Summer noon,  
Knowing that, late or soon,  
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing  
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.

—In *A Quiet Singer*.

**Untermeyer, Louis**

Challenge .....Century  
These Times.....Holt

A poet of brilliant, incisive intellect, interested in the life of to-day.

Lo—to the battle-ground of life,  
Child, you have come, like a conquering shout,  
Out of a struggle—into strife;  
Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of youth,  
Child, you must ride into endless wars,  
With the sword of protest, the buckler of truth,  
And a banner of love to sweep the stars.

About you the world's despair will surge;  
Into defeat you must plunge and grope—  
Be to the faltering an urge;  
Be to the hopeless years a hope!

Be to the darkened world a flame;  
Be to its unconcern a blow—  
For out of its pain and tumult you came,  
And into its tumult and pain you go.

—In *Challenge*.

**Upton, Arthur**  
Selected Poems.....Mosher

A rare poet whose early death cut short a promising career.

#### EX LIBRIS.

In an old book at even as I read  
Fast fading words adown my shadowy page,  
I crossed a tale of how, in other age,  
At Arqua, with his books around him, sped  
The word to Petrarch; and with noble head  
Bowed gently o'er his volume that sweet sage  
To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.  
And they who found him whispered, "He is dead!"

Thus timely from old comradeships would I  
To Silence also rise. Let there be night,  
Stillness, and only these staid watchers by,  
And no light shine save my low study light—  
Lest of his kind intent some human cry  
Interpret not the Messenger aright.

—In *The City*. Pub. by Macmillan.

**Van Dyke, Henry**  
Poems .....Scribner  
A distinguished and well-known poet, using "classic" measures.

From AN ANGLER'S WISH.  
When tulips bloom in Union Square,  
And timid breaths of vernal air  
Go wandering down the dusty town  
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long unlovely row  
Of westward houses stands aglow,  
And leads the eyes toward sunset skies  
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,  
And weary books, and weary trade;  
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;  
For this the month of May was made.

### Wattles, Willard

Lanterns in Gethsemane.....Dutton

A devotional and naive poet the wellsprings of whose inspiration are in Biblical literature.

#### COMRADES OF THE CROSS.

I cannot think or reason,  
I only know He came  
With hands and feet of healing  
And wild heart all aflame.

With eyes that dimmed and softened  
At all the things He saw,  
And in his pillared singing  
I read the marching Law.

I only know He loves me,  
Enfolds and understands—  
And oh, His heart that holds me,  
And oh, his certain hands—

The man, the Christ, the soldier,  
Who from his cross of pain  
Cried to the dying comrade,  
"I, ad, we shall meet again."

—Version taken from the anthology "Christ in the Poetry of Today." Woman's Press.

### Wheelock, John Hall

Love and Liberation.....Sherman

The Human Fantasy.....Sherman

Delicate art enshrining (for the most part) the theme of love in life.

#### LIFE.

Life burns us up like fire,  
And Song goes up in flame:  
The radiant body smoulders  
To the ashes whence it came.

Out of things it arises  
With a mouth that laughs and sings,  
Backwards it fades and falters  
Into the char of things.

Yet soars a voice above it—  
Love is holy and strong;  
The best of us forever  
Escapes in Love and Song.  
—In *Love and Liberation*.

### Widdemer, Margaret

The Factories and Other Lyrics.....Holt

The Old Road to Paradise and

Other Poems.....Holt

A young poet who, in the midst of struggle with the problems of life, is now victorious in mood and now having heart-break for the crushed and sorrow-laden. In vital verse of very singing quality she gives the world her experiences.

#### TERESINA'S FACE.

He saw it last of all before they herded in the steerage,  
Dark against the sunset where he lingered by the hold,  
The tear-stained dusk-rose face of her, the little Teresina,  
Sailing out to lands of gold.

Ah, the days were long, long days, still toiling in the vineyard,

Working for the coins that set him free to go to her,  
Where gay it glowed, the flower face of little Teresina,

Where the joy and riches were:

Hard to find one rose-face where the dark rose-faces cluster,

Where the outland laws are strange and outland voices hum,

(Only one lad's hoping, and the word of Teresina,  
Who would wait for him to come!)

God grant he may not find her, since he might not win her freedom,

Nor yet be great enough to love, in such marred, captive wise,

The patient, painted face of her, the little Teresina,  
With its cowed, all-knowing eyes!

—In *The Factories and Other Lyrics*.

### Wilkinson, Florence (Mrs. Evans)

The Ride Home.....Houghton

The Far Country.....Doubleday Page

A poet of masterly mind and great charm in expression. Impressions from many lands and sources of culture enrich these volumes. In form the poems show great variety (but no free verse).

#### From BEYOND THE SPECTRUM.

We cannot look beyond  
The spectrum's mystic bar.  
Beyond the violet light,  
Yea, other lights there are  
And waves that touch us not  
Voyaging far.

Vast ordered forces whirl,  
Invisible, unfelt,  
Their language less than sound,  
Their name unspekt,  
Suns cannot brighten them  
Nor white heat melt.

Yet one Mind fashioned it  
And Us, a luminous whole,  
As lastly, thou shalt see,  
Thou, O my soul.

### Wilkinson, Marguerite O. B.

In Vivid Gardens.....Sherman

Great insight into life, fine vision, and mastery of many of the technical difficulties are characteristic of her verse.

#### AN INCANTATION.

O strong sun of heaven, harm not my love,  
Sear him not with your flame, blind him not with your beauty,  
Shine for his pleasure!

O gray rains of heaven, harm not my love,  
Drown not in your torrent the song of his heart,  
Lave and caress him!

O swift winds of heaven, harm not my love,  
Bruise not nor buffet him with your rough humor,  
Sing you his prowess!

O mighty triad, strong ones of heaven,  
Sun, rain and wind, be gentle, I charge you;  
For your mad mood of wrath have me, I am ready—  
But spare him, my lover, most proud and most dear—  
O sun, rain and wind, strong ones of heaven!

### Woodberry, George Edward

Poems .....Macmillan

The Flight.....Macmillan

Ideal Passion.....The Woodberry Society

A writer of noble contemplative poetry. The voice is very human, though it comes from a scholarly and classic retreat.

# THE SECRET.

Nightingales warble about it,  
All night under blossom and star;  
The wild swan is dying without it,  
And the eagle crieth afar;  
The sun he doth mount but to find it,  
Searching the green earth o'er;  
But more doth a man's heart mind it,  
Oh, more, more, more!

Over the gray leagues of ocean  
The infinite yearneth alone;  
The forests with wandering emotion  
The thing they know not intone;  
Creation arose but to see it,  
A million lamps in the blue;  
But a lover he shall be it  
If one sweet maid is true.  
—In *Wild Eden*. Pub. by Macmillan.

## COLLECTIONS

**Braithwaite, W. S.**  
Anthology of Magazine Verse, 1914, 1915,  
1916, 1917, 1918.

**Clarke, G. H.**  
Treasury of War Poetry.....Houghton

**Cronyn, George W.**  
The Path on the Rainbow.....  
Boni and Liveright  
From folk-lore of the American Indians. A valu-  
able collection.

**Crow, Martha Foote**  
Christ in the Poetry of Today, 2nd  
edition, with Additional Section  
on Christ and the World War....  
Women's Press

**Cunliffe, J. W.**  
Poems of the Great War.....Macmillan

**Frothingham, Robert**  
Songs of Men.....Houghton  
Collection of good poetry by both men and women,  
with no special quality that should distinguish it as  
peculiarly adapted to men.

**Monroe, H., and Henderson, A. C.**  
The New Poetry.....Macmillan  
Best collection for those who seek to understand  
the so-called "new" poetry. Valuable preface.

**Richards, G. M.**  
Melody of Earth.....Houghton  
An Anthology of Garden and Nature Poems from  
present day poets.

**Rittenhouse, Jessie B.**  
A Little Book of Modern Verse.....  
Houghton  
Present-day verse in standardized forms.

**Some Imagist Poets, 1915, 1916, 1917,  
1918** .....Houghton

**Stevenson, B. E.**  
Home Book of Verse, new edition  
with additions .....Holt  
A bulky volume of well-selected verse. An indis-  
pensable book.

**Teasdale, S.**  
The Answering Voice: an Anthol-  
ogy of Love Poetry by Women....  
Houghton

**Wattles, Willard**  
Sunflowers: a book of Kansas Verse\*  
McClurg

**Wheeler, W. R.**  
Book of Verse of the Great War..  
Yale Univ. Press  
111 poems by American and English poets.

**Wilkinson, Marguerite**  
Golden Songs of a Golden State\*....  
McClurg

Poems of California.

\*The committee wishes that every State in the  
Union were represented by a poetic anthology.

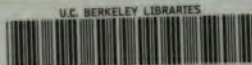
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